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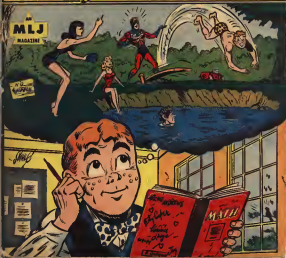
DEP

COMICS

JUNE
1961



Starring ARCHIE ANDREWS!



SHIELD G-MAN CLUB

BULLETIN NO. 27

Holla, Gang!

Well, it looks like the flood has started. I am referring, of course, to the contest on Democracy we started in March PEP. The idea was to send in a composition of not more than 100 words on why America is the best place in the world to live in. The winner was to have his or her letter reprinted on this page. So here it is. Elaine Schatzman of Woodside, L. I. writes:

I think Hitler is just plain stupid. He wouldn't learn his lesson from Napoleon and the other dictators who tried to do the same thing. When I read about the things that happened in the occupied countries, like innocent hostages being shot without trial or people being tortured and dying of starvation and other terrible things, I don't need any other reasons for loving my country and the Democracy we live in. That is why I keep buying bonds and stamps so we can win the war quicker both in Germany and Japan.

Congratulations, Elaine! You will receive an autographed portrait of the Shield and Dunny.

This month's honorary members are as follows:

JAMES ROSE
4040 W. 129th Street
Hawthorne, Calif.

WILLIAM H. TODD, JR.
17 Maple Street
Pawcatuck, R. I.

ELIAS EVANS
Box 521
Coburn Springs, Kans.

SIRLEY SAUNDERS
708 S. Charles Avenue
New Orleans, La.

EDWIN SPIEVACK
446 Franklin St.
Cincinnati 29, Ohio

WILLIAM MEHAN
1405 Exchange Avenue
Union City, N. J.

RONALD E. AUSTIN
65 12 Avenue Avenue
Glendale, N. Y.

GLOVIA CARTER
5200 Ross Avenue
Dallas, Texas

FRED YONEMAN
145 Park Street
Washington 25, Wash.

Sincerely
Joe Higgins

USE THIS ENTIRE COUPON!!

JUST PRINT PLAINLY ON THIS COUPON, YOUR NAME, ADDRESS, AGE AND SEND IT TO ME WITH 10c TO COVER COST OF MAILING AND HANDLING.

Joe Higgins
Room 603
241 Church St.
New York City

Dear Joe:

Please enroll me as a member of the SHIELD G-MAN CLUB. I am enclosing this coupon together with Ten Cents to cover the costs of handling and mailing my Badge and Identification Card.



Name _____

Address _____ Age _____

CUT ON THIS LINE

EXACT COPY OF BADGE
IN THREE COLORS
RED—WHITE—BLUE

Alvin

BUT BUT...
I CAN EXPLAIN
EVERYTHING
MR. WEATHERS!
HONEST!

AFTER WHAT YOU
DID TO ME, ARCADE
ANDERSON, THE
ONLY EXPLANATION
I WANT IS HOW TO
BREAK EVERY
BONE IN YOUR BODY
AS PAINFULLY AS
POSSIBLE!!

NARCISSUS



WELL / DO
OUR EYES
DECEIVE US?
CAN
THAT BE
ARCHIE?
AND WHY
SO STUPID?
SOMETHING
JUST BE
BEHIND...
LET'S LOOK
[Nervous]

I'LL GET THIS
PROBLEM SOLVED
OR BUST IN
THE ATTEMPT!



YES... HE'S RIGHT
ALL RIGHT.



WHY... THAT'S
JUST LIKE IT...
YOU SOLVE IT AND



YES / I'VE GOT IT ALL
RIGHT... REGGIE HAS BEEN
PLAYING A FEW
PRACTICAL JOSES ON
ME / SO I'VE RIGGED
UP A LITTLE SCHEME
TO GET EVEN!



Y'SEE... THE RUBBER
BALL IS FILLED WITH JUNK
AND WHEN I PRESS IT... IT
RINGS THROUGH THE TUBE
INTO THE IMITATION
BOTTLE AND WHO REGGIE'S
FACE... PRESTO! GET IT?
I HOPE REGGIE DOES!



HEY... REGGIE...
COME HERE... WILL
YOU?



WHAT'S ON YOUR
ALLEGED MIND,
GIMP?

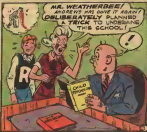
OH... I JUST
WANTED TO KNOW
IF YOU CAN MAKE
OUT THIS STUFF
IN MY INKWELL!



WHAT'S THIS
ABOUT YOUR
INKWELL,
ANDERSON?

OH, HIS GRUNDY
GURL... IT'S
NOTHING...
NOTHING
AT ALL!!



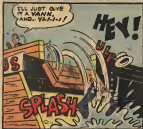




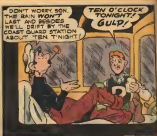












Archie

IS GOOD

FOR WHAT AILS YOU!

WE'VE
NEVER LAUGHED
SO MUCH IN MY
LIFE,
DAD!



YOU WHEN
ATTACHED ON THE
WID EVERY MY
BROTHER-IN-LAW
DOESN'T BORN
ME!

AND FURTHER
MORE, YOU KNOW,
I'M TAKING MY
DAUGHTER HOME!



QUIET
ON THE AIR!

THAT WAS
ARCHIE MAKES
ME FEEL, TALKING
ABOUT NERVE



TUNE IN ON
ARCHIE ANDREWS

8-9 P.M. EASTERN WAR TIME
9-10 P.M. CENTRAL WAR TIME
7-8 P.M. MOUNTAIN WAR TIME
6-7 P.M. PACIFIC WAR TIME

ON YOUR
MUTUAL

CAPTAIN COMMANDO

and the
**BOY
SOLDIERS**



SPECIAL COMMUNIQUE #15

WE SAW THE ENEMY AND WE WERE
CONQUERED. BUT WE ATTAINED OUR
OBJECTIVE IF THIS SOUNDS LIKE
DOUBLE-TALK IT'S BECAUSE YOU
DON'T KNOW...

FATHER SCARFACE!

Signed -

Captain Commando

FOUR CENTURIES AGO THE BUDDHIST MONASTERY BUILT THE MONASTERY OF LI-PU, AND THERE WOMEN MAY ENJOYED THROUGH WAR AND RESISTANCE AND FIGHTING.



CHIEF OF THE MONASTERY, IS THE STRANGE MAN WHOM THE NATIVES KNOW AS FATHER SCARFACE.



TO THE CHINESE HILL PEOPLE, HE TEACHES THE ANCIENT BUDDHIST LAWS OF PEACE AND RESISTANCE - AND THE PEOPLE LISTEN. NOW THEY KNOW FATHER SCARFACE OF OLD -



THEY KNOW HE WAS ONCE THE FIERCEST TRIBAL CHIEFTAIN IN THE HILLS AND HIS SCARRED FACE IS THE MEMENTO OF SAVAGE FIGHTS, AND RUTHLESS BATTLES, ALL OF WHICH FATHER SCARFACE WOULD RATHER HAVE FORGOTTEN.



FOR HE DESIRED NOTHING MORE THAN TO REIGN IN PEACE FOR THE REST OF HIS DAYS - AND TO FEED THE PEOPLE WHO, LIKE THE PEOPLE OF THE VALLEY, CAME TO KNOW HIM AS A PROTECTOR AND A FRIEND.



BUT THE WAR CAME TO THE MONASTERY OF LI-PU. THE JAPANESE JUGGERNAUT CRASHED THROUGH THE HILLS, BURNING AND DESTROYING, UNTIL AT LAST THE LITTLE BROWN MEN SWARMED INTO THE PEACEFUL VALLEY -



"BANDAI... YOU ARE NOW PART OF GREATER JAPANESE EMPIRE! FROM NOW ON REBELLION AGAINST US IS TREASON, AND WILL BE PUNISHED WITH DEATH!"

"WE DESIRE PEACE! LET US NOT DREAM OF VIOLENCE!"

NO MORE SUPPLIES
OF WAR MUST GO TO
CHINESE BANDITS!
THE ROAD IS
CLOSED!

I AM GLAD I WAS
GRANTED TO SEE THE
INSTRUMENTS OF DEATH
PASS SO NEAR THIS
VALLEY!



THESE ARE GOOD
WORDS! WE SHALL
GET ALONG VERY
WELL!

WHY
NOT? ARE
NOT ALL MEN
BROTHERS?



THE JAPS ARE SITTING
ASTRIDE A VITAL SUPPLY
ROAD! THEY MUST
BE JAMMED BACK
AND OUR ONLY
CHANCE IS TO
GET THE HILL
PEOPLE TO
HELP US!

THAT SHOULD
BE EASY!

I WISH YOU WERE RIGHT!
THE HILL PEOPLE ARE
CHINESE - BUT THEY
DON'T BELIEVE IN FIGHTING.
YOUR JOB IS TO ENLIST
THEM ON OUR SIDE AS
ACTIVE ALLIES!

BUT HEARD OF THE
JAPANESE VICTORY
EPIC? HE CAME TO CHINESE
EARS... TO COMMAND
HEADQUARTERS
WHERE TOUGH ALLIED
WARRIORS ARE ASSEMBLING
THE CHINESE
ARMIES IN THE
FIELD...



I WISH YOU THE HILL
PEOPLE ARE FIERCE FIGHTERS
WHEN ARROUSED - BUT THEY
ARE STRONGLY UNDER THE
INFLUENCE OF A BUDDHIST
MONK WHO PRETENDS
TO BE A MONK...

I DIDN'T THINK
THERE WERE ANY
BUDDHISTS LEFT IN
CHINA! WHAT'S THE
NAME OF THIS
MAN?



FATHER SCARFACE!
— BUT HE'S A
FIRST COON TO
BRANDENBERG!
BUT FACES
DON'T SCARE
US!



41 SHORT WHILE LATER, THE COMMANDOS WING THEIR WAY INTO THE NIGHT-

A JETNEY WILL GET IN A KIVE-SPOT THAT TWO FATHER BEARFACE BOYS HAS SOLD OUT TO THE JAPS!

I WOULDN'T BE TOO SURE! BUT I CAN'T WAIT TO MEET HIM FACE TO FACE!



ARRIVING AT THE NEAREST EMERGENCY AIR FIELD, CAPTAIN COMMANDO AND THE BOY SOLDIERS PUSH ON TOWARD THE VALLEY OF LI-FU.



WE'RE IN ENEMY COUNTRY NOW! SO KEEP A SHARP LOOKOUT- AND DON'T LET THE JAPS SEE US FIRST!



THAT JAP SOB - DOESN'T KNOWS ONE OF THE ALL PEOPLE!



I SAW YOU, REET-THO! IF YOU ARE TOO OLD TO WORK, YOU ARE TO OLD TO LIVE!

TRAVELING BY NIGHT, HIDING IN MOORS AND RICE FIELDS BY DAY, THE COMMANDOS MAKE THEIR WAY UNTIL -

THERE'S THE MONASTERY NOW!

LOOK OVER THERE, CAPTAIN!



TOO LATE NOW! HE'S BEEN US! LET'S GO!

NOW YOU'RE TALKIN'!



I CAN'T STAND BY AND WATCH! I'M GOING TO STOP HIM!

BILLY, COME BACK!



WERE YOU ABOUT TO SAY SOMETHING!





LEAVE AT HIM!
I'LL PULVERIZE HIM!



FACE IT BREV!
YOU'LL BE ALL
RIGHT!

I KNOW WHO YOU
ARE THE COMMANDER
MEN WHO FIGHT FOR
CHINA



WOULD THAT GUY
YOUNG MAN
FOUGHT AS WELL!
IF ONLY, FATHER
SCARRAGE...

WE CAME TO FIND
HIM! BUT HE MAY
HAVE TERRIBLE
GETTING PAST THE
SCARRAGE...

OH
BOWDOO



THE LIEGE OF THE
HELL! YOU WILL KNO
HIM FEEDING HIS
BONES BEHIND THE TEMPLE!
MAY GOOD FORTUNE
ATTEND
YOU!



HE'S DEAD!
WHAT HAPPEN-
ED TO THE
JAP

HE MET WITH A
KIND OF ACCIDENT
SOMEONE SAY
ON HIS HEAD AND
HE DROPPED HIS
MIND FANT IT A
FITYE



COME ON! WE'VE
STILL GOT TO
FIND FATHER
SCARRAGE!



DAT LOOKS
LIKE HE
DESER-
VEDN' FIGHTIN'!

IT'S HIM,
ALL RIGHT!



24 SHORT WHILE LATER THE COMMANDOS ARE LINED UP FOR THE FIRING SQUAD.

YOU GAVE YOUR PROMISE THEY WOULD NOT BE INJURED! I DEMAND THEY BE RELEASED!

THE FARE IS OVER, MY DEAR FATHER! YOU HAVE SERVED YOUR PURPOSE!

I GUESS DAD IS END! MY ONLY REGRET IS DAD WE GOT TOOK IN BY DAT TWO-FACED MONK!

OUR FORCES ARE NOW SOLIDLY ENTRENCHED IN THESE HILLS! WE ARE THE POWER HERE! AND WE KNOW HOW TO DEAL WITH THOSE FROG SOLDIERS!

I SHALL HAVE THE PLEASURE OF EXECUTING CAPTAIN COMMANDO MYSELF!

NO!

YOU DARE TO STOP ME? YOU FILTHY CHINESE SWINE!

I'LL SHOW YOU WHAT I THINK OF YOU--- YOU AND YOUR RIDICULOUS PRIDE!

HA-HA! WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THAT, DEAR FATHER?

YOU COMMANDOS! YOU'RE NO BETTER THAN THE JAPANESE! YOU'VE NEVER GOT THE ANY HONOR!

A STRANGE LOOK COME OVER FATHER SEARFACE-A LOOK THAT BAKES BACK TO THE DAYS WHEN HE WAS THE FIERCEST FIGHTER IN THE HILLS-(YOU'RE NOT EVEN SOLDIER! YOU'RE MURDERERS IN UNIFORM!)



CRIME IS ALWAYS CARELESS

A BLACK HOOD STORY

by Angus Conway

AS FREYING, Engineer for the Gottman Construction Works rose to his feet with a dull scream, convulsively clutching at his throat, Kip Burland set his glass on the small end table beside the couch and spring nimbly.

He caught Freying before he'd fallen to the richly colored carpet.

"There's nothing that can be done," he announced after a short examination to the circle of guests who had risen and now stood horrified before the prone body. "He's dead."

Dr. Von Barheim, the prominent dentist, touched Burland on the shoulder as he knelt by the body.

"Heart?"

"I'm not the coroner," replied Kip acidly, "and if you mean simple heart failure, I'd say no."

"Any murder can be called stoppage of breathing," replied Von Barheim sarcastically.

"Poor Mr. Freying," murmured Barbara. She was holding tightly to Mrs. Barlow, their hostess who was trembling visibly.

"Why poor?" asked Kip. "As Chief Engineer . . ."

"I don't mean money. He's had as much sickness lately."

The inquest, held a few hours later established a verdict of suicide, due to the recent background of illness experienced by the corpse.

"Suicides usually don't die without leaving notes," said Kip to Barbara as they left. "It's simply not human nature."

"I can see this isn't the end

of the case," smiled Barbara.

Burland went over Freying's papers the next day. One fact alone stood out from the others. Freying had plunged heavily in the buying of industrial diamonds. Kip raised a white on this and whistled sharply as a subsequent fact made its appearance.

The office of Dr. Von Barheim was usually dark after nine o'clock at night as the wealthy doctor had short evening hours. At half past nine a window in the surgery was raised and a sturdy figure, hooded and cloaked emerged into the blackness, walked rapidly to a door connecting the surgery with the study and opened it noiselessly.

Sharp eyes saw Dr. Von Barheim rise from a deep chair, go to a wall safe and open it. Then across the space that separated the hooded figure and the doctor floated a soft chuckle. Von Barheim lifted a large white box from the safe and opened it. He fished around in its interior, lifted out some small objects and looked at them fondly.

"Little weapons of victory. You are small, but soon your voice shall be heard in London, Moscow and New York."

"Good evening, Herr Von Barheim," the tall hidden figure flung back the door and stepped into the study. "For a murderer you have an easy conscience."

"The Black Hood!" gasped the doctor, his eyes narrowed. "Murderer? What do you mean?"

"Not only a murderer," grated the Hood, "but also an

agent of Fascist Germany, its agent sent to secure industrial diamonds for the falling German war industries. You lured Freying, who was of German descent, blackmailed him into buying them for you, then invented a clever means of transporting the diamonds back to Germany. For a dentist it was easy—drilling out teeth, hiding the diamonds in them and sending your agents to Berlin, incalculable wealth in military might concealed in their teeth. Desperate measures, Herr Von Barheim, as desperate as Germany's crown. But Freying tried to double-cross you. He wasted America to win. You know he'd been ill for a long time. Suddenly changing your attitude you offered to do his teeth, knowing that it was necessary to do away with him before he informed the FBI. You packed cyanide in one of his damaged molars and put in a filling loose enough to allow the poison to slowly escape without the filling falling out and thus betraying the method of murder. You thought you were clever, Von Barheim, but you were not clever. You were simply a stupid Nazi and forgot to destroy Freying's papers. Even now the police are on their way here."

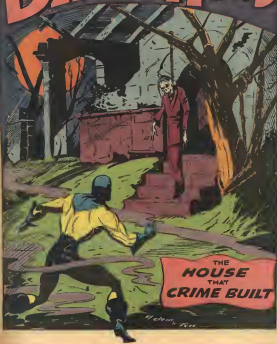
A door wailed in the street far below.

With incredible swiftness the German whirled, dashed for the nearest window and crashed through it. A terrible scream split the air, then died away.

The Black Hood did not bother to look out the window. A fall of twenty stories will kill any man.

The police verified that.

The BLACK HOOD



THE
HOUSE
THAT
CRIME BUILT

AM THE HOUSE THAT CAME BUILT.
MY HISTORY IS OLD, OLDER THAN
YOU KNOW. IT BEGINS IN THE DARKNESS
OF ONE EVENING IN THE AUTUMN OF 1881.

I WAS JUST BEING BUILT, AND MY STONE
FOUNDATIONS HAD NOT BEEN LAID AT YET
FOR GOOD OR EVIL.

THE HOUSE
WILL LAST HARDER
AND I FOR MANY
YEARS TO COME!

MARTIN WON'T
MARRY YOU! SHE
CAN'T MARRY A
DEAD MAN!



WHAT DO
YOU MEAN
BY
ABANDON?

I'VE LOVED MARTIN
FOR YEARS--AND I
WENT LET YOU
TAKE HER FROM
ME!

SO THE DEED WAS DONE, WITH MY BLOOD AND
MURDER AND THUNDER, VIOLENCE AND MISERY
HERE INDIGNANT BIRTHED--



NOT LONG AFTER, THE MURDERER
MARRIED THE DEAD MAN'S BE-
LOVED, AND BROUGHT HER TO
LIVE BENEATH MY ROOF--

AND THAT NIGHT--

YOU KILLED
HIM! YOU
KILLED THE
MAN I LOVED!

SO THE CYCLE OF MURDER
CAME TO AN END, BUT NOT
FOR LONG--

WE'LL BE
HAPPY HERE!
I PROMISE
YOU!





NEEDS TO STAND UP
GOD! I'VE MADE MISTAKES
FROM LISTING THE
FEDERAL AGENTS TO KIDNAP
US BOTH IN PARIS AND
WELL NOT LIES!



GOD! THAT
MONEY WILL BE
ALL MORE NOW—
AND IT COST ME
ONLY A LITTLE
MONEY!



ERIC!
NO!
NO!



YOU PLAYED
ME TO BETRAY MY
COUNTRY! YOU
DON'T
DESERVE
ANY MORE
AGAIN!

BANG
BANG



YOU SEE THE TREE
ON MY FRONT LAWN? THAT'S WHERE
THAT MAN WAS... FOR HIM AND
JIM. THEN IT WAS THAT BECAUSE
KNOWING AS THE HOUSE THAT COULD
HEAL FOR ALL WHO STAYED AT
WITH MY BODY AND MY VILLAGE.



WELCOME AT LAST

WELCOME TO
YOUR NEW
HOME, MR.
AND MRS. HUNT!

THANK YOU, HUNTERS!
UNCLE DONALD TOLD
ME ABOUT YOU!



WELL THAT A
PARDONER UP
UNCLE DONALD?

YES, SIR! HE'S
BEEN DEAD
ALMOST A
YEAR NOW!



THEY SAY HE WAS
A WHITE SLAVE
THE POLICE WERE LOOK-
ING FOR HIM AT THE VERY
MOMENT HE WAS
MURDERED!

YES, SIR? AND
THEY'VE NEVER
FOUND WHO KILLED
HIM EITHER!



JIMMY THERE'S
SOMETHING
FRIGHTENING
ABOUT THIS
HOUSE!

I SHOULDN'T
HAVE BEEN
TALKING UP
MURDER TO
YOU, MARY! I
WON'T AGAIN!

BUT IT WAS NOT LONG BEFORE JIMMY HARRIS AND
PROOF OF THE EVIL SPIRIT THAT FLEW ME--



MARY!
WHERE ARE
YOU?



PROVES DOESN'T
KNOW EITHER!
WHY? MURDERED TO
EVERYONE?



MARY



HELLO?... GIVE
ME THE POLICE!
MY WIFE'S BEEN
MURDERED!



PROMPT TO GIVE THE
EMERGENCY CALL -

A WOMAN'S
BODY DIS-
COVERED AT
AN ISLAND!
STOP BY IT,
SQUAD!







CAREFULLY, THE BLACK HOOB HELD THE LIGHTED MATCH BEHIND THE GAS NOZZLE, AND SUDDENLY A BRIGHT BLUE FLAME SPURRED OUT.



"I THOUGHT SO."

THAT WAS CARBON MONOXIDE GAS—HARMLESS AND TASTELESS! IT WOULD HAVE KILLED ME IN A FEW SECONDS! BY LIGHTING IT IT BECAME CARBON DIOXIDE, AND AS LONG AS I CAN GET SOME AIR, I WON'T SUFFOCATE!

THINKING IT WAS GETTING IT WORSE I TOOK IN THERE!

I WATCHED THE CASE AND - WAS AMUSED WHEN HE BEGAN TO ME AND WON!

IN THE BLACK HOOB DETERMINED FOR A MINUTE BUT THE POLICE HAD NO INSTRUMENT DETECTED.

HE'D BEEN BY NOW! ALL AROUND NO BODY TO A SURE PLACE!



WELL? I'M



"YOU DEVI!"
"YOU WON'T GET ME!"



HE WAS A BLACK ONE—THE BLACK HOOB IT WASN'T LONG TO RUN HIS QUARTER TO THE BRICKS!



"COME OUT OF THERE!"
"H A 2"

IT'S PRETTY THE BUTLER! HE'S BEEN MURDERED!



"YOU'RE WRONG! THAT IS NOT PROBLEM"

THAT WAS ONCE DOOM! HE MURDERED THE REAL PHOENIX AND IDENTIFIED THE BODY AS HIS OWN! IT WAS A SIMPLE JOB, TO STOP POLICE INVESTIGATION OF HOW HE ACQUIRED HIS WEALTH!

HOW DO YOU KNOW THIS? WHO ARE YOU?



I AM MARY HARRON!

NOT-BUT I THOUGHT YOU WERE MURDERED TOO!



I FOUND WIFE DOOM'S CRIME FINAL GAGNE IN THE STORE-ROOM! BUT HE DISCOVERED ME-AND I HAD TO KILL HIM! THEN I NEEDED AN EXCUSE FOR MY DISAPPEARANCE TOO!

SO YOU FAKED YOUR OWN MURDER!



THERE WILL BE NOTHING MORE ABOUT YOUR DEATH, HOOD!



GIVE ME THAT GUN!

LET GO OF ME!



IT'S GIVE ME MORE THAN YOU BARBARIC FOLK!

YOU END-CAT!



THIS WHOLE PLACE IS BURNING UP IN FLAMES!





IT BETTER
GET OUT WHILE
THESE FIRE!

HELP!
HELP!

BUT I HAD ONE THING LEFT, AND MISS
HARRING WAS THE WOMAN I CHOSE!



THE GOOD WENT
BURNED! AND I CAN'T
GO BACK!



SHE DIDN'T GET
OUT! THAT MEANS
SHE'S DEAD! NEVER
GET OUT NOW!
THE HOUSE IS
BURNED!



HE WAS ABOVE OF DOUBT, BECAUSE
COULD BURN THE FLAMES THAT
DESTROYED ME... AND THE WOMAN
THAT LOVED ME! WAS HEARING
ITS END.

THE WAS A LONG LIFE, AND NO
MOMENT'S DOUBT! I HAVE
SEEN AN EVIL HOUSE, BUT NO
MORE WICKED THAN MY MASTERS
AND NOW I'M READY TO LIE
DOWN AND REST



I'M TIRED... SO VERY VERY
TIRED... FAREWELL



END

THE ORIGINAL

SHIELD

AND
DUSTY

BY DETECTIVE

THE SHIELD AND DUSTY
IN THE MYSTERY OF —
The **RAJAH'S**
SILVER IDOL



THE PRICEST HANDSOME
TIE IN AT A DOCK IN A LARGE
EASTERN PORT.



JUST PASS
IT OUT WITH
THIS CRANE



HERE
SHE
COMES!

WHAT'S
IN IT, AND?



I'LL
SHOW
YOU!



A SICKEN
TODD! GOSH!
THIS MUST
BE WORTH
PLenty!

IT'S JUST
ANOTHER
HEADACHE FOR
THE FBI!



THE SILVER BOB BELONGS
TO A RAJAH! WE'VE GOT
TO MAKE SURE IT ARRIVES
SAFELY!



I'LL MAKE SURELY SOME
ANYONE WHO STEALS
THIS BOB WILL HAVE
TO TAKE IT RIGHT
FROM UNDER
ME!



SOON AFTER THE TRUCK WITH ITS PRECIOUS CARGO
ARRIVES AT THE RAJAH'S HOME RESIDENCE

WHEN? IF I LOSE MY JOB
AT THE FBI I SHOULD BE
ABLE TO MAKE A LIVING
AS A FURNITURE MOVER!



JOE HOBBS AND HIS BOY
AM, BECOME THE SHIELD
AND DUSTY.

OUR FIRST
STOP WILL
BE THE CAROL
INN, PRINCESTON
MADRID.

THERE'S MORE
THAN ONE
WAY TO
BOARD A SHIP.

DOESN'T
SEEM TO BE
ANYONE
ABOARD? LET'S
GO ABOARD!

BUT THERE'S
NO SAVED-
PLANN!

IT'S THE
CAPTAIN!

HEY!
WHAT'S
THAT?

BLE-E-E-E

ANYTHING
ABOARD,
CAPTAIN?

I-I-I

HE'S BEEN
KILLED!

HE'S
DEAD!

GOLLY! THE
MURDERER IS
STILL SOMEWHERE
ABOARD THIS
SHIP!





AT THE MENTION OF THE TALIB'S NAME, THE NATIVE'S FACE TWISTED WITH RAGE AND HATE—

"OHAH, HE GROWL FOR FEAR FROM MIGHT OF MY PEOPLE! THEY SAY—TO HE HAS NEVER JOEL AND EVERY-THING HE DESIRES!"



"MANY TIMES I HAVE SEEN HIM IN HIS GREAT PALACE, TAKE THE MONTHLY TRIBUTE OF COINS FROM MY POOR PEOPLE—

"ACCEPT OUR HUMBLE OFFER-ING, O RAJAH!"

"HA! TRY! HARDLY ENOUGH COINS THERE TO BUY ME THE GOLDEN BATHUB I DESIRE!"



"THE POOR NEGRO-BOY USED TO HUNGER OUTSIDE HIS TREASURY BUILDING, UNTIL HE HAD STORED ENOUGH WEALTH TO FEED THE WHOLE VILLAGE!"

"ALIST ALIST! IN THE NAME OF ALLAH!"



"WHEN THE GREAT PLACIDIP THROU OUR VILLAGE, THE RAJAH DECIDED TO FLEE WITH THE MONEY THAT WAS NEEDED TO BUY MEDICINE AND SUPPLIES FOR THE sick."

"HASTEN, FUGES! WE MUST DEPART BEFORE THE PLACIDIP STARTS—ME TOO!"



"BUT MY PEOPLE WERE HINDERED BY FEAR AND IGNORANCE. THEY STORMED INTO THE RAJAH'S PALACE, AND THE GOARDS WERE POWERLESS TO STOP THEM—



"THE RAJAH ESCAPED UNDER COVER OF NIGHT, AND HE TOOK THE SILVER COIN WITH HIM—IT WAS ALL THAT REMAINED OF HIS RAIT TREASURES!"



"STUPID NATIVES! THEY WOULD HAVE KILLED ME IF I HAD STAYED!"





TOO CLOSE FOR COMFORT! THAT ICEBOX WOULD HAVE FROZEN YOU LIKE A RANCAGE!



WHOEVER OPERATED THIS CANINE HAD TIME TO GET AWAY!

MURDER WITH AN ICEBOX! THAT'S A NEW ONE!



CARGO SHIPS ALWAYS CARRY ICE BOXES! THEY'RE NEEDED TO STORE PERISHABLE STUFF THAT WOULD MELT AT ROOM TEMPERATURES... SAY?

WHAT'S UP, SHIELD?



THAT'S WHY THE SHIP'S CARGO WAS MURDERED! THE SILVER IDOL WAS KEPT IN A REFRIG!

WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?



MEANWHILE, THE FBI OFFICE WENT TO THE HUNTER'S DEPARTMENT!

JUST TO PROVE OUR GOOD FAITH, OUR GOVERNMENT WILL PAY YOU FOR THE SILVER IDOL IN FULL! YOU ARE MOST GENEROUS! BUT I WOULD PREFER TO HAVE THE IDOL IF IT CAN BE FOUND!



LIVE FISH YOU WOULD!

SHIELD! WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THIS?



THE HUNTER'S A CROOK! HE BROKE DOWN THE SILVER IDOL AND TOOK A LONG AGO!

I DEMAND AN APOLOGY!

YOU'D BETTER BE ABLE TO PROVE THIS, SHIELD!



AMERICA—FIRST, LAST, AND ALWAYS

A BLACK HOOD STORY

by SCOTT FELDMAN

KLIP BURLAND was walking down the city's largest street with Paul Smith, a young soldier friend of his, when it happened. It was pretty unexpected.

Paul was in the city on furlough, and Klip had been showing him a good time. They had just come out of a theatre.

As they walked down the wide thoroughfare, men in the armed forces from every Allied nation passed them. Soldiers, sailors, marines; enlisted men and officers. There was friendliness in the air. Once a Private Paul knew from back in camp passed and yelled, "Hello, mister," at him. Paul was enjoying himself hugely, and Klip felt that he had made the evening a success.

And then it happened—one of those little things which can so effectively spoil an evening. A hand reached roughly at Paul Smith's shoulder, and a cold voice said, "Come here, you!"

Paul turned surprised eyes upward and the smile faded from his face. The man who was addressing him was an Army Captain, and he seemed pretty angry about something.

The Captain was a man of medium height, but he was so thin that he seemed much taller. He had a scar running along his right cheek. "You!" he said to Smith. "How would you like to be kicked right down to a Private's rank?"

Paul's face was white. "I—I don't understand," he stammered. "What have I done, sir?"

The Captain ran cold eyes up and down Paul's uniform. "Is that the way for an officer to dress?"

Paul traced nervous fingers along his uniform, making sure everything was right. "I—I don't see anything wrong with my uniform, sir," he murmured, after a moment.

"Oh, you don't, eh?" said the Captain, his voice sarcastic. "Look," he said, with gentle wrath. "You're an officer, aren't you?"

"Y-yes, sir," said Paul.

"Then what do you mean," said the Captain, "by wearing an officer's uniform, with sword-slash on your hat and all—and not wearing such bars on your shoulders?"

Paul goggled. Shocked amazement was on his features. He opened his mouth to say something, but the Captain's harsh voice rode right over him.

"And another thing," said the Captain. "I heard a Private address you a few minutes ago with the term, 'Mister.' Why didn't you chastise him for not calling you, 'Sir'?"

Again Paul started to splutter into speech, and again the Captain overrode him. "I'm going to let it pass this time," said the Captain. "I'm going to give you a break. But if I ever catch you in a misdeed, or, I'll break you! You hear me. I'll break you!" He turned on his heels, walked a few steps, and entered a doorway.

Paul stared dazedly after him, but Klip put an arm on his shoulder. "Let it go, Paul," he said.

Paul turned back to Klip. "But, Klip, I—"

"Let it go," said Klip, again. "Why spoil our evening?" He took Paul's arm, and half-dragged the young soldier along with him. He walked about a block, and then stopped dead in his tracks. "How did you like that?" he said. "I've just remembered that I had an appointment with some business friends."

He turned apologetically to Paul. "Say, Paul, will you screen back to my house and wait for me? I'll get rid of this appointment in a hurry, and meet you later."

"Okay," said Paul, obediently. He was still thinking about the Captain incident.

Klip waited until Paul was out of sight, and then moved quickly back to the doorway through which the Captain had entered. In the sheltered darkness, he removed his outer clothing and emerged as The Black Hood.

He moved up the stairs. Through

a door he heard voices . . . voices talking in German. Without waiting a moment, he dashed right through the door.

Inside, three men in Nazi uniforms were grouped tightly around the Captain. They looked up, astonished, as The Black Hood burst in on them.

"What's this?" said the Captain hoarsely.

"I'll tell you what this is," said The Black Hood. "I was watching you bullying that young officer in the street a few minutes ago—and I know that you were a phony. You're no Captain—at least, not in the American Army!"

Silence filled the room.

"You think we are pretty dumb, don't you, Nazi?" said The Black Hood. "But you're the dumb one! I take it that you were going to try some sabotage in that officer's uniform. It's pretty easy to get hold of a uniform—and you felt so confident in years that you thought you'd have a little fun and bowl out a real officer who you thought was cheating and acting wrongly."

The fake Captain's heavy eyes watched The Hood as he spoke.

"You fool," said The Hood, "didn't you know that there's one kind of officer in the Army who wears no rank bars on his shoulder—and who is addressed by all other soldiers—not as, 'Sir,' but as 'Mister'? That young officer you talked to is a warrant officer, which is a special category, and he was dressed and acting with perfect correctness."

The fake Captain's scar glowed redly on his face. "All right, now," he said in German. "Get the pig!"

The Nazis leaped forward, but The Hood went into action at the same time. His feet moved with lightning rapidity, and within five minutes his opponents were out of the running.

The phony Captain won't have long to recover over his mistake. Three weeks from today, he dies before a firing squad.

MARCO LOCO

Adventurer

LET US ENDS AGAIN
GO BACK IN TIME, AND
FOLLOW THE ADVENTURES
OF MARCO LOCO,
THE SMASH BUCKLING
EXPLODER!
HE SMASHES ALL
OVES AND BUCKLES
IN THE MIDDLE!



MARCO LOCO, THE
RENOVED
VORAGER
HAS JUST
CONCLUDED
AN EXCITING
STAY IN
PORTUGAL!
THE MAYOR
GAVE HIM
THE SUN
OF THE
TOWN!

BANG!
BANG!
BANG!

...AND
KEEP
RUNNING!!



AND AS ALL SAYS EFT, MARCO'S SHIP SAYS SOUTHWEST!

THOU HNT EATING,
CAPTAIN LOCO!
IS AUGHT AMISS?
WHAT GIVES?

WHAT, ENDOCA, WOULDST
YOU SAY IF I BUT
TRAVELING, AND SETTLED
DOWN IN A LITTLE HOUSE
WITH A LITTLE WOMAN?





SEE HERE BY MAN!
WHO ARE YOU TO COME
EATING IN HERE!

WE ARE THE
GARDENERS OF
OAKLAND ISLAND!
EATSO! AND WE
NEED A COMPETENT
DNEE TO SO OUR
WATERS OF A
HORRIBLE MAN
EATING
SHARK!



HE HAS BEEN
RETARDING OUR PEARL
FISHING NO END/EATING
UP THE PEOPLE, SO
TO SPEAK!...
WHO'S THAT
SNEAKING
AWAY!



YOU TAKIN FEET!
WE TAKIN HEAD!
WE THROWIN
OVERBOARD!



MOST REGRETTABLE!
WELL, WE SHALL
SIMPLY HAVE TO
TOSS IN
ANOTHER
MAN!



LEND ME A SHIP.
SOMEBOY, SHOOCH
YOU STAND BY TO
PULL ME UP BY
THIS ROPE/DON'T
RAVE ME!

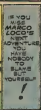


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SHOOCH, I'M
COUNTING
ON YOU!









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